VOL. IV. Numb. 3.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

Perform'd by a SOCIETY of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday March 30th. to Monday April 2d. 1711.

GENTLEMEN,

Q. I*N Chriſt's Paſſion whether did the Divine ſuffer with his humane Nature? if you hold the Negative, with what Propriety of Speech can it be ſaid (as it vulgarly is) that God ſuffered for us, when as the Divine Nature ſuffered not.*

A. The Infinite Nature of God cannot by any external Accuſation ſuffer any Change in its intrinſick and eſſential Perfections, one of which is his Incapacity of ſufferings, or his entire Freedom from all Paſſions or Perturbations. This Perfection of God is founded upon his Immutability, which is an Attribute that the Scripture frequently aſſigns him; and it is the greateſt of Abſurdities to imagine, that he that is immmutable cou'd ſuffer, or he that is immortal cou'd die. The Aſſumption of the humane put no manner of Imperfection upon the Divine Nature, no more than the Rays of the Sun ſuffer any Pollution from the noiſom Bodies, through which they inſinuate themſelves. It has been therefore always the Faith of true Believers, that only the humane Nature of Chriſt ſuffered, and that the Divine ſupported him in thoſe Sufferings, and raiſed him from the Dead. This is the Language of the Scripture, *Chriſt ſuffered in the Fleſh, but was quickened by the Spirit*, 1 *Pet.* 3. 18. The ſeeming Difficulty of ſaying that God ſuffered, when yet we profeſs the Divine Nature is impaſſible admits an eaſy Solution, if we conſider the intimate Union of the Divine with the humane Nature. For by Reaſon of the Incarnation it is proper to ſay *God is Man*: From whence it follows that whatever of Neceſſity belongs to the humane Nature, may be ſpoken of God, and conſequently God the Son being not only God, but alſo Man, ſuffered, though not in his Deity, by Reaſon of which he is truly God; yet in his Humanity, by which he who is truly God, is as truly Man.

Q. *What is the Cauſe of Coheſion in Matter?*

A. We ſhall not attempt a Solution of this which no Philoſopher hitherto has given a rational Account of. This is Mr. *Locks* Judgment upon the the Point, who thinks it as difficult to conceive what is the Cauſe of the Coheſion of the ſolid Parts of Matter, as what it is that cauſes the Soul to think.

Q. Gentlemen, *There hath lately occurr'd an Accident very unaccountable, of which I am both an Eye, and Ear Witneſs; and if you pleaſe to favour me with a reply, I ſhall deem my ſelf Infinitely oblig'd.*

A Young Woman went Six Weeks ago to viſit one of her Acquaintance, who told her, ſhe had been imform'd that ſhe had had a Baſtard; the Young Woman return'd Home after a little Tittle Tattle had paſt between them, and ſeem'd unconcern'd, having daily after that employ'd her ſelf in thoſe Exerciſes that are peculiar to their Sex. Twenty Days had paſs'd ſince ſhe had been acquanted by her Aſſociate of what ſhe had heard had befallen her, when on a ſudden ſhe fell down on the Floor, in the Company of ſuch who were Inhabitants in the ſame Houſe. They were all affrighted at her unexpected fall, and ran immediately to her Aſſiſtance, whom they raiſed on her Legs. She came to her ſelf in a little time and was laid in Bed, ſlept well that Night; but was perfectly diſtracted the next Morning. Her Relations concluded ſhe was Light-headed, tho' there was no viſible appearance of any Diſtemper that had ſeized her; ſhe continuing in full Strength. Thus ſhe remain'd for the Space of Two Days, where one of her Friends demanding of her, whether any thing troubled her? She anſwer'd her, that ſhe would reveal to her what had cauſed her Diſtraction, when all were retired out from her Room, which accordingly ſhe perform'd, telling her, that ſuch a Perſon had acquainted her, how ſhe was inform'd of her having had a Baſtard. She had no ſooner vented and diſburthen'd her Mind of this Secret, but ſhe began to amend, and in leſs than Twenty-four Hours became as ſenſible as ever. I deſire therefore to know why this Lady was not immediately Frantick upon the firſt Relation of this matter to her, but ſhould become ſo, ſo many Days after, ſhe being innocent as to the Charge. Upon my relating of this Story to a Gentleman, he affirm'd the Cauſe to be as follows; on the Truth, or falſity of which a Wager depending, it is with our joint Conſent refer'd to your Deciſion. viz. *That the Lady upon the firſt Relation of her ſuppoſed Misfortune might be ſurpriz'd, but knowing her ſelf to be innocent, was no ways concern'd thereat. Yet ſome Days after ſeriouſly reflecting thereon, and imagining a Thouſand ill Conſequences that might attend this Report, if devulg'd abroad; this might depreſs her weak Mind, ſwell her Head with confuſed Thoughts, ſo as to overwhelm her intellectual Faculty, which Conceptions fram'd in her Mind, till ſhe had evaporated, and ejected the Cauſes of her Diſquietudes into her Friend's Boſom, might produce ſuch unhappy Effects. I continue your Admirer,*

Little John.

A. All the Reply that we think neceſſary or can find Room for, is, that we judg the Cauſe, aſſigned by the Gentleman, of this Accident to be very rational, and no other than what we ſhou'd have given ourſelves, had it been left to our Solution. He has only acted beneath the Dignity of a Philoſopher in this, that to ſupport his Aſſertion he has made uſe of ſo vulgar and unphiloſophical an Argument as a Wager. Notwithſtanding we approve even of this, if he did it only with an Intent to puniſh the unreaſonable Obſtinacy of his Adverſary.

Q. *Murder! Murder! Murder! Some ſpeedy help, Dear* Apollo, *or I am certainly Tongue-kill'd. My Wife has given me ſuch a Rattle, that another Peal will rattle all my Brains out of my Head. Low Water at* London-Bridge *is ſtill Muſic to her; nay, the Belfry at* Bow *when all the Bells are rais'd, is Midnight Silence compar'd to her Clapper. And what think you it was for?*

only because I ſpent 7 s. 3 s. at the Tavern; nay, not ſo much for that (for the Gipſy knows I can afford it) but becauſe I took her not with me; and had I done ſo, there was another Woman in Company wou'd have expected her Share in the Clangour, and then it had doubtleſs come to an Amazonian *Battle, to the Deſtruction of Head-Cloaths and the Mortification of ſcratcht Faces. Pray,* Apollo, *ſome Advice in the matter, while I have Brains enough left unſhatter'd to ſubſcribe my ſelf your faithful Devotee,* Philemon.

A. The beſt Advice we can think on in the ſhort time you allow us, is, indulge that faculty in her, to a deciſive tryal of Skill, between her and the *Amazonian* Dame, you were in Company with. Let the Conditions be Ten Pounds to be ſpent on the Conqueror, in the moſt Potent Tongue-provoking Liquor, and the Conquer'd to be oblig'd to ſilence for Three Months after. Now if your Wife be Conqueror, we may ſuppoſe ſhe will waſt ſo much Vigour in the Combat, that ſhe will not be able to recover it for along time after; and if ſhe be overcome, Silence will alſo be the Conſequence, according to the Articles.

POEMS.

APOLLO,

Q. *SINCE w'are not debar'd,*
Of Queſtions are hard,
When ſuch we think fit to advance, Sir,
My Query is this,
(And a ſhrewd one it is)
Which ſounds ſomething like a Romance, Sir.

Count Guiſcard *'tis ſaid,*
In Pickle *is laid,*
And ſo may in Newgate *be ſeen,*
Put there on the Reaſon,
Of Plotting of Treaſon,
Againſt our Illuſtrious Queen.

APOLLO, *pray tell us,*
(Who are honeſt Fellows)
Why thus to preſerve him they ſtrive,
Whereas he deſerv'd,
(If he had his Reward)
To've rather been bury'd alive.

Or rather is the Intent,
Of keeping him meant,
For the Table of ſome mighty Prince,
To be ſerv'd with his Brewis,
To his Countryman Lewis,
As ſome will pretend to evince.

If you will diſcloſe,
What 'tis you ſuppoſe,
May be the true Cauſe of his ſouſing,
You will oblige many,
Tho' not perhaps any,
Beyond your good Friends, now carouſing.

T. K. W. L. S. P. I. M.

A. The Reaſons of *State*,
We will not relate,
But others we give, may ſuffice;
To ſhew there was Reaſon,
That thus they ſhou'd ſeaſon,
A Carcaſs of ſo large a Size.

Of Raſcal he ſtrong
Did ſmell all along,
Tho' ſuch are by *Rome* often Sainted;
Beſides Pox and Claps,
And ſuch like miſhaps,
With which his lewd Body was tainted.

For ſalting 'twas time,
When he ſmelt of each Crime,
Which might a ſtrong Poyſon compoſe,
And a Peſtilence bring,
In the Bloom of the Spring,
Might Thouſands deſtroy through the Noſe.

To Pickle him too,
Was juſtly his due,
In Retaliation, ſince he,
The Nation did n't Stickle,
To lay all in Pickle,
If 's Pow'r like his Will had been free.

But if the foul Beaſt
Is kept for a Feaſt,
He is ſo prodigious a Sinner;
Without all Deſpute,
The monſtruous Brute,
Is ſout'd for the *Devil's own Dinner.*

Yet 'f *him* right we judg on,
He's no ſuch Curmudgeon,
And ſince the Diſh may hold him tack;
But the *Factious* and *Papiſts*,
Join'd with *Rakes* and *Atheiſts*,
May all too come in for a Snack.

Q. *Altho' a* Taylor *I'm by Trade,*
My Mind's of better Metal made,
And have read learned Authors over;
Nay, can in you ſome Faults diſcover,
That is, methinks you are too ſhort,
And I but little thanks you for it.

A. A *Taylor* ſtill, what e'er you prate,
Who *meaſure* more by *Length*, than *Weight.*

The Title, Preface and Index to this Third Volume, are a preparing for the Preſs, and will be publiſhed in a ſhort Time. Sold by *J. Mayo*, againſt *Water-Lane, Fleet-ſtreet*; where you may have the Firſt Volume in 8vo. at 6 *s.* the 2d. and 3d. in Folio, Gilt Edges and Letter'd on the Back, at 12 *s.* each.

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